Mr Big Dick [No Balls]

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/72885231.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Boots (TV)

Relationships:
Nicholas Slovacek/Isaiah Nash, Nash/Slovacek (Boots TV)

Characters:
Nicholas Slovacek (Boots), Isaiah Nash (Boots)

Additional Tags:
Fluff and Smut, Light Angst, A Sprinkle Of Internalized Homophobia, Bickering, goading, But they're in love your honor, Getting Together, Blow Jobs, Frottage, POV Slovacek, Gratuitous smirking

Language:
English

Series:
Part 1 of caramel

Stats:
Published: 2025-10-21 Words: 6,159 Chapters: 1/1

Mr Big Dick [No Balls]

by amandarin_orange21

Summary

Slovacek knows he shouldn't hook up with Nash, but since when does he give a fuck about what he should and shouldn't do?

Notes

surely other people want these two to kiss too

See the end of the work for more notes

Nick watches warily as the Bowman twins stumble out of the bar. *Together*. He doesn't think it's a great idea for the two of them to be alone after a long day of drinking and their week from hell, but what the fuck does he know? Clearly, he isn't good with feelings shit. He's heard it a thousand fucking times before— he has trouble "*regulating*" his "*emotions*." It's what landed him in boot camp, after all. So, he lets the brothers go, the memory of his last attempt at providing comfort replaying in his head as Cody gives him a sad wave on his way out the door.

Nick takes a long swig of his beer and tries to slow his thoughts. They've been whirring around all day, ricocheting around his skull and driving him fucking crazy. Boot camp is done. He's officially a marine. He expected this to feel like a relief. He finished, and he did well for once in his life. He didn't pull quite as far ahead as he expected to, and it was a rocky road getting here, but at least he didn't poison anyone with toilet wine or wallop anyone. Not *that* badly, anyway. He tossed around Cope a little, but the kid dumped a bucket of piss on him, so that doesn't count. And he came close with Nash a couple of times, but he held back. That's what matters, right?

Fucking Nash. Nick should be given a fucking medal for not decking that asshole every time he pissed him off. He's not really *that* bad anymore, though. After the whole diary disaster, Nick decided he kind of likes him. He may be a little mean, but he was right about most of the shit he wrote. Plus, it was all pretty funny. And then he went and saved Nick's ass during their infantry training, so there's no way Nick can truly hate him after that.

Nick glances over at Nash, all sleek and impressive in his bonafide dress blues, laughing and clapping Santos on the back across the bar. He should've seen it coming. Of *course* Nash got Honor Man. He's perfect. College educated, comes from a wealthy family that gives a shit about him. Charming and respectful and too pretty for his own good. Nick grits his teeth as Nash gives Santos a lopsided grin. Then, as though he can feel Nick watching him, he turns. They lock eyes, and Nash's grin melts into something… different. Nick looks away quickly. He takes another swig of his beer and prays to god that his cheeks aren't tomato fucking red.

It's not long before he hears, "Slovacek."

The sound of his name from Nash's lips makes his stomach churn. He doesn't look up, just lets out a grunt as Nash slides into the bar stool

next to him.

"Surprised you're still here. Didn't you say the first thing you were gonna do at the end of this was get your dick wet?" Nash asks, and Nick finally dares to look up. Nash is still smiling that stupid, lopsided smile, a dimple in his cheek and a mischievous twinkle in his dark eyes.

"Night's still young," Nick says, giving him a playful wink. And… *oh*. That makes Nash blush, his brown skin turning a peachy pink. Nick wants to bite his fucking cheeks. *No. Stop that.* "Why are you still here? Don't mommy and daddy miss their golden boy?"

Nash snorts and his smile falls. "Not enough to take time off work. They're on their way back to Maryland already."

Well, damn. Maybe he should stop talking to people about their families.

"If it makes you feel any better, my family didn't even bother showing up to this thing," Nick says. His tried and true method of cheering people up— make them forget that their shit kinda sucks by telling them how badly Nick's shit *really* sucks. Does it work? Rarely. But maybe this time.

"Not even my mom's shitty boyfriend came, and I thought this one really liked me," he adds sarcastically, because god forbid things get too real.

"That makes me feel a little worse, honestly," Nash says, painfully earnest. Christ, Nick is so bad at this. "As obnoxious as you are-"

"I'm not obnoxious," Nick interrupts, rolling his eyes.

Nash gives him a skeptical look, but continues on. "Whatever. Obnoxious or not, you don't deserve that. Your family should be proud of you."

It's Nick's turn to look skeptical. He's definitely blushing now, and his chest feels tight. He turns his attention to the bar top and digs his nail into a chip in the wood, picking at it idly.

"Cause it's so impressive I finished my fuckin' boot camp sentence," he grumbles. Sure, it's an accomplishment to *him*, but when stacked up against Nash's accolades, it seems like nothing. He loses by a long shot. "Anyway, I don't need your pity. I didn't actually expect to see

them here. I did what I had to do to stay out of jail. I only made it through because of-"

He stops himself and takes a long swig of his beer. He lets the words unsaid hang heavy in the air between them, thick and sticky like the humidity they endured for thirteen long weeks. If he were Nash, he'd take the opportunity to dog him. Remind him that he's the only reason Nick isn't in jail right now. That he could've *easily* fucked him, but he kept going out of the goodness of his heart. But Nash doesn't do that, because he's so much better than Nick.

Instead, Nash quietly asks, "Now what?"

Nick turns to him, brow furrowed. "The fuck do you mean? SOI's next. We're not done. We're just getting started."

"No," Nash says, rolling his eyes. "I mean, like, right now. What's next for tonight? The rest of leave?"

"Oh," Nick says, shoulders slumping. Nash is watching him so fucking intently, head cocked to the side like he's trying to work out a puzzle. His gaze burns a path over Nick's face, down his neck, then back up to his lips, where it lingers. "I dunno. Drink myself stupid, pass out in my hotel room, nurse my hangover. Maybe I'll go to the beach or something. Rinse and repeat for the next ten days, I guess."

"You're not going home?"

"Why would I?"

Nash shrugs. "I dunno. There's not *anyone* you wanna see? Not even, like, a girlfriend?"

Nick smirks. "There's not a woman alive who can handle all this," he says, flexing a bicep theatrically. The truth is, there *were* girls back home, but he never bothered sending any of them his new address once he got to Parris Island. He's not a fan of that sappy love letter shit, and it's not like he was that serious with any of them, anyway. They've probably all long forgotten about him by now.

Nash rolls his eyes, but he lets out a reluctant laugh. "Remember when you said you weren't obnoxious?"

"I still stand by that," Nick says. "I'm fuckin' charming."

"You're *something,"* Nash grins. He's looking at Nick's mouth again.

When Nick licks his lips, Nash tears his eyes away and shifts in his stool. They lapse into silence again, but it's not quite so uncomfortable this time. Tense, but for a different reason. Charged and heady rather than suffocating.

Nick watches as Nash idly trails a finger along the lip of his bottle. He's deep in thought. A wrinkle between his brows, the slightest downturn to the corner of his mouth.

"Don't think too hard. You'll give yourself a brain aneurysm before you've even been a marine for a full 24 hours," Nick teases.

Nash scoffs. "Spell aneurysm."

"*You* spell it, you pretentious fuck," Nick fires back, but there's no bite to it.

"A-N-E-U-"

"Ok, *enough,* College," Nick says, holding up his hand to silence Nash. Nash laughs and gives him a good natured shove. "There's no way there's an E in aneurysm, but what do I know? I've got… what'd you say? A single digit IQ?"

Nash gives a sheepish grimace, turning his attention to his beer bottle. He picks at the label. "Give yourself some credit. I said room temp. That's in the seventies."

"You wrote something else about me too," Nick smirks. Going so long with barely any booze has him feeling buzzed and bold, and Nash's lingering looks have him hot under the collar. He can flirt a little, just to let off some steam. It's not like it'll go anywhere. "In that diary of yours."

"I wrote a lot of things. You gotta be more specific," Nash says, but the rapidly deepening flush on his cheeks tells Nick he knows exactly what he wrote.

Nick sits back in his stool, lets his legs fall open. He cocks his head at Nash. "I believe you called me 'Mr Big Dick.'"

"No balls, though," Nash reminds him pointedly. "That's the important part."

"You still think that?"

Nash gives a noncommittal twitch of his head. "The part about the balls? Eh."

"The part about the big dick, though. That's always been true." Nick grins. "That's *undeniable*."

"More like unavoidable, the way you were swinging it around all the time," Nash says. He raises a brow. "You an exhibitionist or something, Mr Big Dick?"

"Fuck off," Nick says, grinning even wider, turning his attention to the wet bar top in front of him. "Never heard you complaining."

"I did plenty of complaining in my so-called diary," Nash says. "There are entire pages dedicated to you and your bullshit."

"You think about me an awful lot," Nick muses. "What's that about?"

Nash gives a wry smile. "Hard not to. You're impossible to ignore." Then Nash nudges Nick's knee with his own.

Nick swallows hard. This feels an awful lot like Nash flirting back, and he's not supposed to do that. He's *supposed* to brush Nick off, call him names, maybe even leave with a girl. Nick can't handle this right now. He nods to the door, his heart suddenly in his throat.

"I, uh. I need a smoke."

Normally, he has no issue ripping darts indoors, but he's desperate for some fresh air. He practically launches himself out of his bar stool and fights his way towards the exit, acutely aware of the scraping of Nash's bar stool, the sound of his footsteps trailing after him. Nick slips out the front door without looking behind him, digs a pack of cigarettes of of his pocket, and swears when he realizes his lighter is gone. Hicks must've stolen it, the dirty thief. He leans against the brick wall and lets his head fall back, eyes fluttering closed.

God, he needs a minute, but he knows Nash is right behind him. He takes the few seconds of peace he can get and tries to calm himself down, but he's so goddamn keyed up that all he can think about is the heat of Nash's knee against his, and he's not even… He can't—

He swore he'd never do that again.

Nick takes a deep breath and sticks an unlit cigarette between his teeth, hoping maybe the ritual of it will calm him even just a little bit.

No dice. *Obviously*.

The door to the bar opens, music and chatter bleeding out into the quiet night. A moment later, the door shuts. The silence presses against Nick's ears, weighs down on his chest for a long moment. He startles when he hears the click-clacking of some perfectly polished dress shoes despite being fully aware that they'd be coming.

"Need a light? Or you gonna eat it or something?" Nash asks, sidling up next to him against the wall. They aren't quite touching, but Nick can feel the heat radiating from his body. Nash might as well be caressing him given the way it sends a jolt of lust straight to his stupid, traitorous cock. God, he's careening towards disaster.

Nick lets out a grunt of assent, opening his eyes as he hears the stiff fabric of Nash's dress blues shifting around. Then, suddenly, Nash is directly in front of him, the tips of their shoes just barely brushing. Nick sucks in a sharp breath and straightens. He tries to put some distance between them, but the dumb fucking building behind him won't budge. He swallows hard.

If Nash notices his inner turmoil, he doesn't say anything. He simply pulls a lighter from his pocket, flicks the igniter, and holds it to the end of Nick's cigarette.

They're so close that he can smell Nash. He can count the freckles on his nose. He can even make out a tiny, white scar on his cheekbone that Nick wonders if he got during boot camp. He makes the mistake of meeting Nash's gaze, and he can see the bronze flecks in his irises, jutting out from his pupils like spokes, nearly drowned out by deep brown. Nash holds his stare as Nick takes a long drag of his cigarette. Finally, as he exhales, Nash looks away and takes a small step back.

"Thanks," Nick says, sounding embarrassingly wrung out.

Get it the fuck together, Slovacek. This isn't happening. It can't *happen.*

Nash nods. He pockets his lighter, then reaches up to pull a thread from Nick's shoulder that he's not convinced even exists. "You clean up alright."

"Better than alright," Nick scoffs. "I look fucking-"

His words die on his tongue as Nash snatches the cigarette from his fingers and takes a drag. Nick's jaw drops, his hand poised as though the butt is still between his fingers. The *audacity* of this motherfucker!

Then, as Nash is exhaling with a stupid, sexy smirk on his face, he places the cigarette back between Nick's lips.

Nick closes his mouth around it dumbly and shivers as Nash's thumb brushes against his lower lip. Then Nash shoves his hands casually into his pockets, like he didn't just shatter Nick's brain and send him absolutely spiraling.

The question tumbles out before he can stop himself, clumsy around the cigarette. "Where are you staying tonight?"

"The Holiday Inn a few miles away," Nash says.

"Me too," Nick blurts out. He isn't. He's staying at a shady motel on the outskirts of town. His room smells a little like piss and there's a mysterious stain on his sheets, but the Holiday Inn is too expensive. He takes another drag of his cigarette and wills himself to calm the fuck down. After he exhales, he says, "We could split a cab."

This is stupid this is stupid this is stupid this is stupid this is stupid this is stupid this is-

"Yeah," Nash says, sounding nearly as eager as Nick feels. Ok. Maybe this *isn't* stupid. "Are you, uh, ready to go now?"

"Yeah, just let me…" Nick holds up his cigarette, and Nash nods.

"I'm gonna go say bye to the guys," Nash says. "I'll call the cab while I'm in there."

"You need some change?"

"Nah, I got it," Nash says, and thank fuck, because Nick is certain he only has a dime left. Then Nash disappears inside, leaving Nick alone on the sidewalk once again.

Immediately, he's bouncing anxiously on his toes. This is *definitely* stupid. He's about 75% sure of where this is going, and if he's right and someone finds out, they're both fucked. Dishonorable discharge and the possibility of jail for Nash. Definite jail for Nick. And if he's wrong, and Nash rats on him for coming onto him… He shudders at the thought.

But what if he's right and they have some harmless fun and everything works out?

Fuck, is he *really* considering doing this? Not even three weeks ago he was ready to tear the fucker's balls off. Now here he is, giddy because he lit his cigarette.

No, this is a bad idea. He can't go through with it. But he already lied, so he'll just hitch a ride with Nash back to his nice hotel and then figure out how to get to his not nice motel from there. Nash doesn't need to know. Nick can just pretend they're staying on different floors or something and sneak out a side door.

A few minutes later, Nick's cigarette has burned down to nothing and he feels like he might burst out of his skin. But then Nash comes scrambling out onto the sidewalk, wide eyed and tripping over his own feet, and Nick feels a little better about it all.

"Cab'll be here any minute," Nash says, adjusting his hat. Nick nods, dropping the butt onto the sidewalk and grinding it out with his heel. Nash watches with gritted teeth.

"What? I can tell you wanna say something," Nick goads.

"You don't *have* to litter, you know," Nash says, rolling his eyes. This is good. Familiar territory. The teasing and bickering is easy. "There's an ashtray literally right there. Some squirrel's gonna come along and eat that."

Nick shrugs. "Maybe the squirrel's got a nicotine problem. Maybe he likes it."

"Yeah, maybe, and then the squirrel gets cancer and loses all his fur and racks up thousands in hospital bills," Nash says. "You want that on your conscience? He's got kids at home. They can't even afford acorns."

"That squirrel is a fuckin' deadbeat-" Saved by the taxi. It creeps to a stop in front of the pair of them. Because he's a goddamn *gentleman*, Nick opens the door and gestures for Nash to climb in.

"After you, princess," he says with a wink.

"Asshole," Nash mumbles, but he gets in the cab. Nick follows shortly after, nearly landing in Nash's lap as he tips sideways during his sloppy entry. Nash shoves him upright and slides to the opposite side of the cab. When Nick pulls the door shut behind him, the air becomes suffocating again.

The driver says something to them, but Nick doesn't hear it. Nash responds, and he doesn't hear that either. He just stares out the window, hands fisted at his sides and working his jaw. After a short drive, the cab slows to a stop, and before Nick can even get his wallet out of his pocket, Nash throws the driver a wad of cash and ushers Nick out onto the curb.

Nick takes a deep breath and makes his way towards the hotel entrance. He steps into the vestibule with every intention of bidding Nash goodnight and heading off to his nonexistent room, but then Nash grabs him by the forearm and pulls him to a stop. The automatic doors slide shut, enclosing them in a glass box. Nash glances around to make sure they're *really* alone before he speaks, and Nick knows what's about to happen. He swallows hard, sweat prickling at his forehead and the palms of his hands.

"I, uh… I have some scotch in my room," Nash says. He's looking at Nick with wide, hopeful eyes, his grip on his forearm tight. Desperate. Terrified. "Good stuff. My folks got it for me for graduation. Do you…?"

Fuck it. Nick has always been terrible at doing what he's supposed to do. Why should he start now?

He nods eagerly. "Can't say no to free booze."

Nash laughs, and it's a little too loud, his eyes crinkling at the corners. It's kind of adorable, but Nick would never say something so gay. He's not even thrilled that he's thinking it. But he's already past the point of no return, so he permits Nash a small, genuine smile. The kind he reserves for—

No. He's not even gonna think the end of that sentence.

Nash lets go of his arm and nods for him to follow. As they walk, Nick falls a half step behind Nash, watching him. He's red from the tips of his ears to the edge of his high collar and his shoulders are stiff. He keeps glancing back at Nick as though checking to make sure he hasn't run off, and it's enough to ease Nick's mind just a little bit. Obviously Nash is feeling just as overwhelmed by this as he is, but he's still going with it. He's inviting Nick to his room. He's flirting back, getting too close for comfort, touching him and testing his boundaries because for whatever reason, this is worth the risk to him. *Nick* is worth the risk to him. And sure, maybe someone who doesn't know Nash well could just write it off as him being drunk and horny and reckless, but that's

not him. Nash knows exactly what he's doing, and Nick wouldn't be surprised to find out he's had this plan for weeks.

Fuck. Now he's wondering how long Nash has been into him. Is it new, or has he *actually* been wanting to do this for weeks? Has it been going on the whole time? Is that why he was such a dick to Nick at first? Did he ever watch Nick in the showers or lay awake in his bunk at night, just thinking about him? What else has Nash written about him in that notebook? Did he ever-

"This is me," Nash says, stopping in front of a door so abruptly that Nick nearly crashes into him. The hand that Nick rests on Nash's lower back is there to steady himself. That's all. Nash glances up and gives him a quick, nervous smile before digging through his pockets to find his room key. He opens the door, tucks the key back into his pocket, and leads Nick inside.

"It's nice in here," Nick murmurs as he saunters in. It's not luxurious by any means, but it's way better than his dingy motel room. It definitely doesn't smell like piss and the walls aren't stained brown from cigarette smoke. There's one queen bed with clean, white bedding, a TV, a desk with a coffee machine, and small chair holding a standard issue duffel and a gift bag.

"Your room doesn't look like this?" Nash asks, a knowing half smirk on his face.

Nick curses himself as he blushes fiercely. He scrambles to cover his blunder. "Uh, no, it's not as fancy. Maybe they heard you got Honor Man and gave you the good room."

Nash shakes his head, laughing to himself. He sits on the edge of the bed to untie his shoes, slips them off, then pads across the room in his socks to place them neatly in the corner. He takes off his hat and sets it on the desk.

"Make yourself comfortable," Nash tells him.

Nick takes a slow, deep breath. He takes Nash's spot on the bed, kicks off his shoes, and tosses his hat onto the bedside table with far less care than Nash used. He's too antsy to be gentle, not that he usually is anyway. It's especially bad tonight, though. Feels like he just got tased or something with the way he can't stop his fingers from shaking or his knee from bouncing. His whole body feels like it's buzzing.

When he notices Nash is halfway through the buttons of his shirt, he

follows suit. There's no sound other than the rustling of fabric, the soft clink of belts coming undone, a muffled thud as Nick's hits the carpet. Then, when they're both down to their flimsy undershirts and formal pants, they stop. They've seen each other's full dicks and balls a hundred times before, but Nick has never felt *this* naked around him.

Nash digs through the gift bag and pulls out the bottle of scotch, holding it up so Nick can take a look at it. He doesn't even recognize the label, not that he's some scotch connoisseur. All he knows is it's not the bottom shelf paint thinner him and his buddies split before he got shipped off to South Carolina.

Nash pops the cork- who fucking knew scotch could have a cork- and pours them each a generous helping into a paper coffee cup. He joins Nick at the bed and hands him his cup. Nick nods his thanks and stares intently into the scotch as he feels the mattress sink down next to him, then the heat of Nash's thigh pressed against his own.

"Cheers, I guess," Nick says, holding out his drink expectantly.

Nash grins. "Oorah."

"Oorah," Nick laughs. He taps the lip of his cup to Nash's and takes a long swig.

They fall into silence once again, and there's no way Nash can't hear Nick's heart thrashing against his ribcage. It's all he can concentrate on. He takes another gulp of his drink, and it's enough to warm his insides and make him want to tell the truth.

"Can I tell you something?" Nick asks before he can lose his nerve.

Nash gives him a 'what the hell' kind of nod.

"I'm not staying at this hotel," Nick admits, and Nash barks a loud laugh.

"Can I tell *you* something?" Nash asks, and Nick just stares at him impatiently. "I know. I heard you and Cope talking about your sketchy motel rooms earlier."

Nick lets out a shaky laugh. *Oh, thank fuck.*

"I guess we can drop the pretense, then," he says, but he doesn't make a move. He grips his paper cup so tight that he can feel it give under his fingers, keeps his eyes trained on Nash even though it feels like

he's looking directly into the fucking sun. He can't breathe, he can't move. He's not sure he can even blink.

Nash lets him sweat for a moment, then finally takes pity on him. He takes one last swig of his own cup before he plucks Nick's from his hands and puts them both on the nightstand. He turns to face Nick again and leans in close, letting his hand come to rest on his knee. Nick watches, dumbstruck, as Nash's gaze darts indecisively between his eyes and mouth. Finally, it settles on his mouth.

Nick can taste the scotch on his breath as Nash says, "Nobody can know about this."

"Fucking obviously," Nick breathes, and then Nash closes the gap between them.

The kiss is, initially, not very good. They're both tense and awkward and incredibly nervous. But then, it hits Nick that the hard part is over. They both know what they're here for. Nash got the ball rolling. So… time to show him that Nick's worth the risk.

He reaches out, his confidence back with a vengeance, and takes Nash by the waist. His t-shirt is so thin Nick can feel the heat of his skin through the fabric. He digs his fingers in, relishing in the feel of firm muscles in his hand, and Nash melts into him.

Nick runs his tongue along the seam of his lips and Nash opens for him, moaning softly into his mouth. Nash shifts and swings a leg over Nick's lap to straddle him. The weight of him there is grounding. They're not even moving, but the pressure of Nash heavy in his lap and the quiet little noises he keeps making have Nick just about ready to blow. It's been *so. Long.* He vaguely remembers Hicks's words about saltpeter and wonders if he was actually right. But then Nash shifts in his lap, and Hicks is gone from his brain.

Nick yanks Nash's shirt from his waistband and pulls it up and over his head. He tosses it across the room, sending something toppling over. It clatters loudly against the wooden desk. Nash stops kissing him to look, but Nick takes him by the chin and turns him back to face him.

"Don't look at that. Look at me," Nick says firmly, and Nash gives a wide-eyed nod. Then, in one fell swoop, Nick wraps an arm around Nash's waist, lifts him up, and tosses him onto the mattress on his back. He stands at the foot of the bed, looking down at Nash as he stares back at him in awe.

"Oh my god," Nash croaks, scrambling desperately for his fly.

As quickly as he can manage, Nick pulls off his own undershirt and kicks off his pants. By the time he's down to his boxers, Nash is still struggling to wriggle off his pants. Nick grabs the pants by the ankles and pulls them, along with his underwear, off in one swift movement. And god, Nash looks so fucking good like that, flushed and sweating, dick hard and heavy against his defined abdomen. The image will be burned into Nick's brain forever.

"You're gonna be the death of me, Slovacek," Nash says breathlessly, and Nick can easily say the same about him. But he doesn't, because that's too… *feely*.

Instead, Nick gives him his most shit eating grin. "I'll make you come first. I'm merciful like that."

Nash scrubs a hand over his face and lets out a frustrated groan. He props himself up onto his elbows and gives Nick an exasperated look. "So make me. Or are you just gonna stand there and watch?"

"Someone's impatient," Nick says playfully, taking his time easing himself onto the bed over Nash.

"Yeah, because I just went three months without even jacking off," Nash huffs. That statement is too sad for Nick to even acknowledge it.

Once Nick is kneeling over his waist, Nash grabs him by the hips and pulls him roughly down into his lap. He tugs back the waistband of Nick's boxers and lets it go so it snaps against his stomach. "Why do you still have these on?"

"Thought I'd torture you a little more." Nick leans forward onto his elbows so he's hovering over Nash, then nips at his lips playfully. Nash grinds against him, and they let out a pair of needy moans in tandem.

Nick needs to slow this down or he's gonna bust in thirty seconds. He sits up, catching his breath, and scoots back so he's seated just below Nash's erection.

Nash lets out an indignant whine. "Why'd you move?"

Nick smirks in response, to which Nash answers with an eye roll.

"God, you're so fucking irritating. I dunno why I thought you wouldn't be like this in bed."

"You love it."

"I tolerate it," Nash says.

Nick laughs. "Are you always this mouthy, or are you putting on a show for me?"

"Come *on,"* Nash grumbles, reaching between them to grab himself, but Nick slaps his hand away.

"Aht aht," he chides. He leans forward, fills his mouth with spit, then lets it fall into Nash's lap. Nash sucks in a sharp breath, then lets out a delicious fucking whimper as Nick wraps his hand around his cock. He gives it one achingly slow tug, then another, then another.

"Put it in your mouth," Nash breathes, propped up on his elbows to watch. Nick quirks an eyebrow at him, and Nash grins. "Unless you're scared?"

Nick scoffs. "I'm not fucking scared."

"Do it, then," Nash says, his grin growing broad. He narrows his eyes dangerously. "Suck it, Slovacek."

Nick has to close his eyes and take a moment at those words. He takes a deep, steadying breath. Licks his lips, swallows hard. Then, finally, he opens his eyes again.

"Fuck you, Nash," he says, then he bends forward and takes Nash's straining erection into his mouth.

Nash cries out as he wraps his lips around the head and sucks. He pulls off, licks a strip up the length, then envelopes it in his mouth again. When Nick takes Nash's balls into his hand, he shivers.

"Jesus fuck, you've done this before?"

"Mm," Nick hums, mouth full. He bobs up and down, licking, sucking, fondling, and just generally taking his sweet time to wring out a symphony of those perfect little noises from Nash. Eventually, when Nash's thighs start to shake, Nick looks up. They lock eyes. Nash's mouth falls open and he thrusts helplessly into Nick's mouth.

"*Fuck*," Nash hisses as Nick gags loudly. Nash takes him by the jaw, guiding him up. "Sorry! Are you alright? I'm sorry, I swear I didn't mean to-"

"Shut up," Nick says, pulling off with a wet *pop*. His eyes are teary and his voice is weak. He wipes his mouth with his thumb. "I'm fine. It was kinda hot."

"I was close," Nash says. "Will you…" He sighs, giving Nick a shameful pout that makes his own neglected cock jump eagerly. Nick smirks expectantly and Nash glares at him. "You know what? Never mind."

"No, will I what?" Nick asks, pinching his nipple. Nash squirms underneath him.

"Ah, shit," he grunts, then he scowls up at Nick. "I was gonna ask you to take off your boxers, but now I don't even want you to."

"Bull fucking shit," Nick says. He lifts up onto his knees and hooks his thumbs under his waistband. He pauses for a moment, considering fucking with Nash some more, but he's too horny to bother. He maneuvers out of his boxers and flings them across the room.

As soon as they're gone, Nash's hands are on Nick's ass, pulling him close. Nick watches his eyes roll back in his head as they rut against each other.

"I don't have anything," Nash says breathlessly. "I- I honestly wasn't expecting this."

"S'fine," Nick grits out. "We'll just do it like this."

He closes the gap between them, kissing Nash soundly. They grind their hips together, needy and frantic, their kisses only getting sloppier as they get closer to the edge. Nick's spit has long dried up, but they're both leaking enough precome to keeps things moving easily. Nick's not sure that even matters, though. Even a dry handjob would feel like heaven after going so long without being touched.

As if to prove his point, Nash's cock twitches in warning between them.

"I- I'm gonna-"

"Do it," Nick commands, pulling back just enough to watch Nash's face as it happens. As his hips stutter beneath Nick, Nash's eyes roll back, lashes fluttering. His back bows off the bed and he lets out a low moan that Nick will be thinking about for the rest of his life.

Nick stops his movement as he feels Nash's release spilling between

them. When Nash slumps against the mattress, completely spent, Nick sits up and runs his hand through the mess. He collects a fistful of come, wraps his hand around his cock, and pumps himself desperately until finally, he's coming with a choked off cry onto the hard lines of Nash's stomach.

He lets himself stare at Nash for just a moment while he catches his breath. Warm brown skin slick with come, pooling into his belly button. His dick, spent and softening, surrounded by dark curls. When he looks up at Nash's face, lips parted just so, eyes heavy-lidded and sated, Nick wants to kiss him again. He doesn't. They're done now, and that would be *gay* gay. But he wants to.

Instead, he gets up and wanders into the bathroom, where he digs out a pair of washcloths and runs them under warm water. Once they're sufficiently soaked, he makes his way back into the bedroom, throws one unceremoniously at Nash, and launches himself onto the bed on his back.

Nick should leave. Clean himself off, get dressed, and go back to his own hotel room. Forget this ever happened and move on with his life. But… Well. He already said he's bad at doing what he's supposed to do.

"I'm sleeping here. Don't be weird about it," Nick says, straining to keep his voice steady and staring down at his washcloth as he cleans himself off. "I'm pretty sure someone died in my hotel room. Multiple people, actually."

Nash lets out a tired laugh. "Ok."

"If you try to cuddle me, you won't wake up in the morning."

Nash laughs again. "Same to you, asshole." He grabs Nick's washcloth from him and discards it in the bathroom. On his way back to bed, he grabs them each a bottle of water from the mini fridge and shuts off the lights. Nick slips under the covers and rolls onto his stomach, relishing in the big, comfortable mattress and heavy blankets and multitude of pillows. It feels like heaven. His eyes fall closed as Nash settles in next to him.

"Goodnight," Nash says quietly.

"Night," Nick murmurs, then he drifts off to sleep.

And if in the middle of the night when he's completely unconscious

and unaware of his actions, Nick rolls onto his side and grabs for Nash, that's none of his business. He simply cannot be held responsible for whatever debauchery he gets up to in his sleep. And if, say, Nash curls up against him, drags Nick's arm across his chest, and hums happily when a totally asleep Nick completely unknowingly nuzzles his face into Nash's neck, then that's Nash's problem, not his.

End Notes

i have accidentally planned out an entire decades long story arc for these two in my brain. will i continue with this? perhaps. we shall see if this hyperfixation sticks

eta on 10/31 the hyperfixation is sticking and boots fandom you will be seeing more of me □↕□□↕□

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!